



# Letter Carriers, Welcome

Every citizen feels honored with the distinction that has come to this community by virtue of its being the chosen meeting place of the employes of the greatest federal institution in this great and prosperous country during the coming week. The Stars and Stripes on every house top bear witness to the feeling of enthusiasm within. It will be a week of festivity—a week long to be remembered on account of the honor that has been bestowed upon us.

### Bargains during convention week

Special offerings to interest our many out-of-town visitors.

#### Silk gloves

Special sale fine quality Taffeta Silk quality that sells freely at 25c—here all Gloves, in brown, tan, grey and black, a next week at a great bargain.

15c

#### Embroidered handkerchiefs

Several hundred dozen, none of which is worth less than 15c regularly. They are fine Swiss embroidered Handkerchiefs with scalloped edges and fancy open work embroidery—special price during this sale—in two lots

10c and 12 1/2c

#### Handsome neckwear

Our windows during the coming week will show many attractive styles and patterns—very high quality of goods—other dealers ask more for the same kinds. Two grades

25c and 50c

#### Women's fancy leather belts

We have cut the price on all our leather belts that were up to 25c, and have put them in one lot. While they last

14c

#### Women's lace trimmed muslin gowns

25c. Lace Trimmed Gowns at 25c.—This is a great bargain. Yoke of tucks, neck and sleeves trimmed with one inch tuck on lace, real value 75c, sale price 25c

33c

25c. Embroidery Trimmed Gowns at 25c.—Another bargain lot consisting of four or five different styles. Mother Hubbard yokes, handsomely trimmed with embroidery

39c

## Make this store your headquarters

bee-hive in all its activity. Whatever purchases you may choose to make will be delivered to you free—anywhere within 200 miles of Scranton, and special bargains will be on sale here all the week to make your visit profitable.

Come in often. Come in whenever you are tired out from walking and sight-seeing, and rest here. The store is cool and our clerks will give you every attention. You will not be asked to buy, but we do want you to see this

Store Closed on Tuesday

# THE LEADER

Scranton Store, 124-126 Wyoming Avenue.

Store Closed on Tuesday

## Monday sacrifice sale of domestic goods

This is intended to be a sale of the most uproarious nature. Every price quoted is way under actual cost. It is a sale of tremendous importance to you. For these are goods you must have every day—merchandise as staple as wheat and never to be sold at such prices again.

Regular 5c goods at	2c the yard	5c kitchen crash on Monday, = = 2c	6c white outing flannel on Monday, = 3c	Regular 6c goods at	3c the yard
		6c shirting percales in light colors, = = 2c	6c colored outing flannel, Monday, = = 3c		
		6c standard indigo prints, Monday, = = 3c	7c apron gingham on Monday, = = 4c		
		6c dress gingham, new patterns, = = 3c	15c brown sheeting, 9-4 wide, = = 10c		

## Two important items in dress goods on Monday

New goods coming in daily. Fall styles and colors in great variety and at remarkably reasonable prices. Just 2 lots for today that we MUST mention:

35c all wool cashmeres at 25c—If you are still contemplating the purchase of material for children's school dresses, we would direct your attention to this lot of goods. Some eight or ten solid colors, all new—goods came in within the last few days—real value 35c.

25c

60c dress plaids at 40c—Immense variety of handsome new plaids, especially adapted for skirts. Guaranteed all wool and really worth 60 cents a yard. We shall make these a special leader and shall offer them on Monday at the low price, per yard.

49c

## Ladies' light weight silk lined jackets, at half price

Some of these came to us only six or eight weeks ago. All of them are correct spring and summer styles—highest quality light weight jackets in fine quality kersey, cheviot and covert cloth—tan, black or blue—with real taffeta silk linings, former price was \$3.98, \$4.98, \$5.98, \$6.98 and \$8.98. Here on Monday in two lots—choice... \$1.98 and \$2.98

### Book bargains convention week

Don't fail to see this book store before you leave. We offer some REAL bargains for the next six days.

#### Copyright books

Several hundred of the newest works in popular fiction will go on sale at less than half price.

- The Cruise of the Cachalot—Frank T. Bullin.
- Equality—Bellamy.
- The Maxims—Hall Caine.
- Servants of Satan—Correll.
- Soldier of Fortune—R. H. Davis.
- Prisoner of Zenda—Hop.
- Pen Michael—Stenkiewicz.
- Choir Invisible—Allen.
- Phroso—by Hope.
- The Mighty Atom—Correll.
- With Fire and Sword—Stenkiewicz.

Customary price for any of the above in paper is 25c—here next week

#### \$1.50 cloth bound

#### copyright books

Three special bargains for next week. Richard Carvel, by Winston Churchill; David Harum, by Edward Noyes Westcott; and the Castle Inn, by Stanley J. Weyman—published at \$1.50—here all next week at

#### 95c per volume

#### Cloth bound books

#### over 300 titles

12 mo. size, bound substantially in cloth with stampings in gold and several inks, good paper and new type. Titles by Kipling, Stevenson, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Schreier, Correll, Weyman, Ouida, The Duchess, Eumas, Marlitt, Weyman, Hawthorne, Ebers, Caine and many others, reduced from 25c—here next week only 10c

#### List of 100 poetical

#### books in cloth at 33c

This is the biggest list of poetical books today in one uniform binding. Full 12 mo. size fine cloth, published at 75c. Some of the works are Poe's, Schiller's, Moore's, Kingsley's, Macaulay's, Shakespeare's, Colley's, Rossetti's, Swinburne's, Goethe's, Whitman's, Woodworth's, Bryant's, Holmes's, Hood's, Coleridge's, Chaucer's, Coleridge's, Arnold's and many others 33c

## How I Won My Bride.

J. F. AVERY, IN SPARE MOMENTS.

It was a warm summer's evening, and I had left the windows and doors of the office open, for the sake of a refreshing draught. I had been sitting for some time at my desk, plunged in a fit of the deepest thought, and had not heard any one enter, when suddenly the words:

"Are you a lawyer, sir?" caused me to start violently.

Rising from my seat and turning up the gas jet on the table, I turned and surveyed my interlocutor, who proved to be a well-dressed, rather good-looking man of 40 or thereabouts, of middle stature, and possessed of a small, piercing pair of eyes, which returned my gaze unflinchingly.

"The business on which I come," he said, taking off his hat, and fixing his keen, black eyes upon my face, "will require your services until late in the night, if not until tomorrow morning. My niece, who resides some miles from London, is dangerously ill, and her recovery being extremely doubtful, she desires to make her will. For this purpose I have applied to you; promising you, should you accede to my request, fifty pounds for my services."

I communed with myself for a few moments, eyed the man suspiciously, and then asked the distance to the young lady's residence and the mode of conveyance thither.

"About five or ten miles," he responded, handing me his card, on which I read "Martin Jackson, London Wall." "It is a short distance from Kew, and as a train does not leave London Bridge for some time, I have provided a carriage and driver, which is the street. May I consider your services engaged?"

"The man beside me may be excused when his evident anxiety in employing myself, an inexperienced lawyer, are considered. His story, too, did not sound consistent in all respects, for by spoke of his niece, Miss Blanche Pickering, as being at times subject to short fits of insanity."

When the carriage stopped it was in front of a large, dark-looking building of stone, standing a short distance back from the road, and surrounded by tall poplars.

One thing struck me as rather curious as I walked up the gravel walk to the mansion and tended to arouse my suspicions once more. Jackson dismissed the carriage, after paying the driver, with a few low, whispered words, the import of which I was unable to ascertain, and the hack turned sharply, as if to retrace the road to London.

I said nothing, however, but shifting a revolver which I always carry into a more convenient position in my inner breast pocket, entered the house with my companion, who unlocked the door with a latch-key, and ushered me into the parlor, which was poorly lighted by a hanging lamp.

Having seen me seated by a table on which were spread refreshments Jackson left me for a short time, and returned shortly with a large, well-built man, whom he introduced as Mr. Cooper, his cousin. The latter individual took a seat beside me, and pouring out some wine requested me to join him, which I courteously refused, on the plea of being a teetotaler.

Jackson had been able to observe us, we had both resumed our former relative positions. At last the will had been signed, witnessed and sealed, and, hat in hand, I stood at the table awaiting my client's further pleasure, as if I had not the idea in my mind of returning before morning, and that, too, with an officer of justice.

I followed my survivor down the stairs, listened to his untruthful regrets that the carriage must have returned to the house, as agreed upon, and then gone to the city; declined his offer to remain for the night, and having been directed the route to the station, stood once more in the open air.

"I was about to attempt to force an entrance through the window, when the door was flung suddenly open, and the man Cooper stood before me. He discovered me at once, and struck at me with his clenched fist, evading the blow, I whipped out my revolver, and striking him with the butt end, knocked him senseless upon the steps.

"I was again about to turn and enter when the form of Jackson dashed down the staircase, through the open door, and I felt myself in his grasp.

"I saw at once that he was unarmed, and elevating my pistol, fired; but the shot was turned aside and the weapon knocked from my hand to the ground.

"Then ensued a fearful struggle between us, in which we both were precipitated down the steps upon the gravel walk below—I uppermost.

"I held him by the throat, dealing him blows with my disengaged hand—he having the other in his strong grasp—when with a dexterous twist of his powerful arm, he turned me aside, and I lay prostrate upon the ground with the vile grip of his strong fingers grasping me by the throat until my eyes were staring from their sockets and every muscle became inactive.

"Seizing a large stone which lay near him, he raised it in his left hand and was about to strike me on the head when a sharp, loud report rang on the air. The form of the ruffian fell backward, his fingers relaxed their grasp.

"A form in white passed before my uncertain vision; and then, for the space of five minutes, I was utterly unconscious.

"When at length the mind awoke from its stupor Miss Pickering was bending over me, chafing my temples and attempting to perform what nature had done—restore me to sensibility. Then she sank back, and before

From her I learned that she had risen from her bed at the exit of the two ruffians from her room, and, observing my dangerous situation, had fired at Jackson just as he was about to strike me with the stone, with my revolver, which she had picked up on the steps.

"I also learned that her scream was caused by the resolution of the murderous ruffian to start after and murder me, fearing that she had communicated something to me which might upset their well-laid plans.

"Having securely bound the still unconscious Cooper, and removed the corpse of Jackson into the house, we awaited the coming morn—Miss Pickering, meanwhile informing me of her imprisonment by Jackson for over a year, and his resolve to force her to make a will, and then make away with her. Her parents having died and left her sole heiress to a large property, her appointed guardian, Jackson, a half-brother of her mother, was playing for no diminutive stake.

"The next morning a farmer's wagon conveyed Cooper to the city, and the affair having been reported to the proper authorities he was arrested and conveyed to jail. His trial took place a month later, and he was rewarded with seven years' penal servitude.

"Miss Pickering was entirely exonerated from all blame in the killing of Jackson, and her estate properly administered a few months later—she having been of age for over a year. Not long after Miss Blanche Pickering became Mrs. Avery.

"The will and the revolver are still in our possession—the sole mementoes of that exciting night when I almost lost my life and gained a bride.

### STORIES BY TRUTHFUL MEN.

John Anderson is one of the thrifty men of Englewood, and owns one of the pretty homes on an avenue of that suburb. His next door neighbor, Mr. Milliken, has a telephone connection in his house.

On one of the pleasant afternoons recently Mr. Milliken was seated on his porch, reading, as Mrs. Anderson left her home to make a few calls. She nodded pleasantly to him and said: "Now, you'll watch my house for me, won't you?"

"Of course," he said he would and she disappeared down the street, followed shortly after by the cook, who was to pay the weekly visit to her "sister."

Mr. Milliken soon thought of a letter to answer, and went in and seated himself at his desk, near a window overlooking his neighbor's yard. He soon heard a door-bell ring, and Anderson's lap dog barked loudly. His attention was not thoroughly aroused, however, until he noticed a stranger passing around the house to the kitchen door. The stranger, after rapping loudly, went to the barn, the door of which was standing open. Mr. Milliken watched him narrowly, and when he reappeared, passed to the front of the house, opened the front door with a key and passed inside. Milliken rushed to the telephone, and calling the station said, frantically: "Send the wagon down in a hurry; there's a burglar in Anderson's house."

As Anderson recently had been the victim of a daylight burglar, and as Mr. Milliken was responsible and usually voracious, the wagon was rushed out, and in three minutes came dashing up. Officers surrounded the house, and a large crowd of the neighbors and children assembled. The officer in front rang the bell, and after considerable delay, the door was opened cautiously by a swarthy man in his shirt-sleeves, but with his hat on.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" demanded the officer. "My name is Anderson, and I'm keeping house until Mrs. Anderson comes home," was the reply, coupled with a demand as to why there was such an excitement.

The officer, who knew Mr. Anderson as a little wisp of a man with a blond mustache, said: "That's too thin; you look about as much like Anderson as I do."

The man protested, and getting his coat, pulled out letters addressed to George Anderson, New York city, and explained that he had just arrived from New York, was a brother of the Englewood man and had called on him at his office. He said he expected his trunk

at any minute, and as he needed a bath, his brother had said to him: "You can go out to the house, and if Mrs. Anderson isn't home, you will find a key to the front door in the barn under my barn coat. Take that and go in and keep house till she comes. Make yourself at home, and take a bath if you want to, and you will be there to receive your trunk."

The officer laughed harshly. After the house had been thoroughly searched, the stranger was requested to take a ride to the station. He protested, and finally persuaded the officer to remain with him and send the wagon back and await Mrs. Anderson's return. They stood out in front for about an hour.

Then Mrs. Anderson was sped two blocks away, by the children ranged around. She came up out of breath and excitedly asked to see the man whom the children had told her had been caught in her house. The officer escorted her to identify his prisoner, but as she had never seen her brother-in-law she could not do so.

"The George Anderson that we have a pleasure of had no mustache, and I don't think he looks like him, anyway."

"That seemed to settle it for the stranger, Mr. Milliken remarked to the neighbors that it was one of the slickest stories he had ever heard. Mrs. Anderson went in the house to count the spoons.

"The stranger made one last desperate plea. He asked that a telephone message be sent to Mr. Anderson. An attempt was made to call up Mr. Anderson, but it appeared that he had already started for home. He appeared just in time to rescue his brother and save him from a light and airy dundress in the Englewood station.

Then Mr. Milliken, who had been trying to do his duty as a man and neighbor, was ridiculed and scoffed at, and finally, according to custom, he had to go out and buy cigars for all the men who could be drummed up in that part of town.—Chicago Record.

Theodore E. Sage took a vest to Burnhardt's clothing shop to be finished up. Yesterday Sage called for the vest, and as it was ready for him, he donned it and left the store. When outside Sage took a cigar from his pocket and struck a match to light the weed. In an instant he was ablaze. The vest was responsible. Some inflammable stuff with which the garment had been cleaned had not wholly dried and had been set afire by the flame from the match. Before Sage could get the vest off he was badly burned and had to be taken to the Pennsylvania hospital in Philadelphia Record.